

HEALTH,

A

P O E M.

S H E W I N G

How to PROCURE, PRESERVE,
and RESTORE it.

To which is Annex'd

T H E

DOCTOR'S DECADE

The Fourth Edition, Corrected.

By EDWARD BAYNARD, M.D.

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THE P R E F A C E.

 *T* was a usual Saying of the great Lord Verulam, That not one Man of a thousand died a natural Death ; and that most Diseases had their Rise and Origin from Intemperance. Therefore,

Unerring *Nature* learn to follow close,
For *quantum sufficit* is her just Dose ;
Sufficient, clogs no wheels and tires no horse,
Yet briskly drives the blood around the course;
And hourly adds unto its wastes, supplies,
In due proportion to what's spent and dies ;
Whilst *surfeiting* corrupts the purple Gore,
And bankrupts *Nature* of her long-liv'd store:
And thus the *Soul* is from the *Body* tore
Before its time.-----

The PREFACE.

Which, by a *temperate* Life, in a clean Cell,
Might full a hundred Years with Comfort

And drop, when *ripe*, as *Nuts* do slip the
(dwell,
(Shell.)

Trust not to *Constitution*, 'twill decay,
And twisted *Strength*, its Fibres wear away;
Asclose wove *Garments* of a strong spun thread
The *Woof* frets out, and tears away the *Web*:
So *Soul & Body* tho' ne'er so well conjoin'd,
The longer that they wear, the more they

(grind,
Then the crackt *Organ* must impair the mind.

All finite things tend to their own undoing,
But Man alone's industrious to his Ruin;
For what with *Riot*, *Delicates* and *Wine*,
Turns *Pioneer* himself to undermine.

Besides the hidden *Snares* laid in our way,
The sudden *Deaths* we hear of ev'ry Day,
The smoothest parts have unseen *Ambuscades*,
And *Insecurity* *Security* invades;

For no Man knows what's the next Hour's
24 (Event,

Man *lives*, as he does *die*, by accident.

How soft is *Flesh*, how brittle is a *Bone*!

Time eats up *Steel* and *Monuments* of *Stone*,
And from his *Teeth* art *Thou* exempt alone?

What Warrant hast thou that thy *Body's* *proof*
Against the anguish of an aching tooth?

How

The PREFACE.

How soon's a *Fever* rouz'd by acute pains?
The smallest *Ails* have all their partizans;
And in intestine Wars they may divide,
And *Life's* Deserters list on the wrong side.
Diseases, like true Blood-hounds, seize their
(Dam,
And prey upon the *Carcass* whence they
(sprang,
Be always on thy Guard, watchful and wise,
Lest *Death* should take thee napping by *Sur-*
(prize.

*Drunkenness and Gluttony steal Men off
silently and singulatim, whereas Sword and
Pestilence do it by the Lump; but then Death
makes a Halt, and Comes to a Cessation of
Arms, but the other knows no Stop nor Inter-
mission, but perpetually jogs on, depopulates
insensibly and by Degrees; and tho' this is
every Day experienc'd, yet Men are so en-
slav'd by Custom and a long Habit, that no
Admonition will avail; so true is that Say-
ing, That he that goes to the Tavern at first
for the love of the Company, will at last go
thither for the love of the Liquor: and there-
fore 'twas excellent Advice the ingenious Dr.
Baynard gave his Godson.*

Pass by a *Tavern-Door*, my Son,
This sacred *Truth* write on thy Heart;
'Tis

The PREFACE.

'Tis easier, Company to shun,
Than at a *Pint* it is to part.

For one *Pint* draws another *in*,
And that *Pint* lights a *Pipe* ;
And thus in th' *Morn* they tap the *Day*,
And *drink* it out e'er Night.

Not dreaming of a sudden Bounce,
From *Vinous Sulphurs* stor'd within ;
Which blows a *Drunkard* up at once,
When the Fire takes *Life's* Magazin.

An *Apoplexy* kills as sure
As Cannon Ball, and oft as soon ;
And will no more yield to a Cure,
Than murd'ring Chain-shot from a Gun.

Why should Men dread a *Cannon* Bore,
Yet boldly 'proch a Pottle *Pot* ?
That may fall short, shoot wide, or o'er,
But *Drinking* is the surer *Shot*.

How many *Fools* about this Town,
Do quaff and laugh away their *Time* ?
And Nightly knock each other down,
With Claret *Clubs*, of No-Grape Wine !

Until a dart from *Bacchus's* Quiver,
As *Solomon* describeth right,
Does shoot his *Tartar* thro' the *Liver*,
Then (*Bonus Nocius*) Sot, good Night.

Good

The PREFACE.

Good *Wine* will *kill* as well as *bad*,
When drank beyond (our Nature's) bounds :
Then *Wine* gives *Life* a mortal *Stab*,
And leaves her *weltring* in her Wounds.

Wounds ! that no Physick Art can *heal*,
And very rarely that they feel
The Stroke the moment it does kill. }

*Many a Soul with great Difficulty lugs on
a weak and worn-out Carkals to its daily
Rendezvous, who perhaps for many Years
has been nothing else but the Vintner's Con-
veyancer to carry his Liquors between the
Hogshead and the Pifs-pot.*

But when alas ! Men come to die
Of Dropsy, Jaundice, Stone, and Gout,
When the *black* Reckoning draws nigh,
And Life (before the Bottle's) out ;

When (low drawn) Time's upon the *Tilt*,
Few Sands and Minutes left to run ;
And all our (past gone) *years* are spilt,
And the great *Work* is left undone.

When restless *Conscience* knocks within,
And in *Despair* begins to baul,
Death like a Drawer then steps in,
And asketh, *Gentlemen* ! d'ye call ?

The PREFACE.

I wish that *Men* would, timely, think
On this great Truth in their full *Bowls*:
Both *I* and *Will.* of *Ludgate-hill*,
And all our Friends around *St. Paul's*.

When a Man's Distempers stare him in the Face, and he is summon'd to lay down his Dust, he alas! then sees the Folly of his Ways, and what a miserable Purchase he has made with his mis-spent Time, Health, and Money; and like a Malefactor at the Gallows, makes some short Speech of Warning to his Companions, who give him the Hearing, and perhaps are drunk with his own Claret at his Funeral.

But alas! the Destruction of himself is the least Part of the Tragedy, the Mischief is struck deeper, and entails Hereditary Diseases on his innocent Posterity, to the eternal Infamy of his Name and Family; when the poor Off-spring of his wretched Carcass inherit nothing but the Schedule of his Distempers, and dwindles away a miserable Life, in Pills, Plaisters, and Potions. I wish that Men may think of this, and prize and preserve a good Constitution and Stock of Health before it be too late.

I cannot better close this Epistle, than as the same Author observes the old Romans to have done, to their Friends.

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Sick
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ESSAY

T O A

RULE of HEALTH.

The DEFINITION.

H EALTH is a free, easy, and perfect Enjoyment, of all the Faculties of *Mind* and *Body* to due performance of the *Animal Functions*, without any Impediment, Pain, or Molestation.

Which is thus to be attain'd.

I F twice man's age you would fulfil,
Let *Reason* guide you, not your *Will*:
Let all the passions of the *Soul*
Be subject unto her controul;

B 2

She

She checks all rashness, and gives time,
 To think, and re-think each design;
 Those that do thus, before they act,
 'Tis rarely seen, repent the fact:
 This makes an easy, quiet *Mind*,
 (The greatest blessing of mankind:)
 And he that in this bliss do's share,
 Enjoys a ray of *Heaven* here.

Fly all Excess, and first take care,
 Of *Wine* and *Women* to beware.
 Sport, dally and tattle with 'em rarely,
 And marry not a *Wife* too early;
 Stay till you're grown, and Joints are knit,
 And you have *Money* got, and *Wit*.
 For he that *weds* before he's wife,
 Is shackled by a fool's advice;
 Alas! then he may see his fate,
 And feel it too, when 'tis too late.

In single life live pure and chaste,
 Lest from your Face your *N O S E* you cast.
 And is it not a great disgrace,
 To lose the *Bolt sprit* of your Face?
 Tho' tears and pray'rs may atone for th' sin,
 Yet howling brings no *N O S E* again:
 So never touch forbidden fruit,
 But think on *N O S E*, when tempted to't.

Till *Hunger* pinches, never eat;
 And then, on plain, not spiced meat.

Desist

Desist before you eat your fill,
 Drink to dilute, but not to swill,
 So no Ructations you will feel.

}

Let *Supper* little be, and light;
 But none, makes always the best night;
 It gives sweet sleep without a dream,
 Leaves morning's mouth sweet, moist & clean.

A little *Breakfast* you may eat,
 But not so as to satiate:

But *Dinner* then you must postpone,
 Till farther in the Afternoon;
 For never load fresh food upon
 Your stomach, till the former's gone;
 For whatsoe'er is swallow'd thus,
 Turns *putrid* and *cadaverous*;
 And taking more than *Nature* needs,
 Of most distempers, are the seeds.

Accustom early in your Youth
 To lay *Embargo* on your *Mouth*;
 And let no rarities invite,
 To pall and glut your appetite:
 But check it always, and give o'er
 With a Desire of eating more.

For where one dies by *Inanition*,
 A thousand perish by *Repletion*.

To miss a *Meal*, sometimes is good,
 It ventilates, and cools the blood,
 Gives *Nature* time to clean her streets
 From filth and crudities of meats.

For

For too much meat the bowels furr,
And Fasting's *Nature's* scavenger.

When as your stomach nauseats,
And kecks, at sinell or sight of meats:
By vomit fetch away the load
Of phlegm and undigested food;
And do it soon, before it dwells
So as to tinge its tunicals;
And breed soure ferment, which begets
Unfavoury belches, and sick fits,
And steams, which taint the mouth and gums,
With foetid smells, like ulcer'd lungs:
And after *Vomits*, always use
Emollients soft, to cool and smooth;
For reaching makes the stomach sore,
Which lenitives will best restore.

Bleed only, when you find the *Blood*
Abound, or stagnate, then 'tis good:
Which you may very eas'ly guess,
By heavy, stiff unwieldiness,
Short *Breath*, high *Pulse*, & *Scætera*,
Then quickly take some blood away:
But more especially in stitches,
Pleuritic pains, and pungent twitches;
Then out of hand without delay
Take a good quantity away.
For *Purging* I shall give no rule,
But after glutt'ny and cramming full
'Tis good to empty, and to cool;

Tho'

Tho' forc'd *Evacuations* are,
 Such as we ought to use with care,
 Since 'tis not known, what we can spare:
 * For *Physick* drives off with the blood,
 Some parts of the substantial good;
 And if you'd keep the *Ballance* even,
 Dame *Nature* must be led, not driven;
 By methods mild, and by degrees,
 We should relieve her grievances:
 As fasting, exercise and time,
 And *Water* heals the wounds of *Wine*.
 But where the *Fever's* peracute,
 It won't admit of long dispute;
 When *Life's* chief fortress is attack'd,
 Quickly consult, and quickly act:
 For many a *Life* hath slip't away,
 By careless trifling, and delay.
 So when the case is very urging,
 Spare neither vomiting, nor purging;
 Provided that your judgment's tight;
 And take the indication right;
 Ev'n then be not the only agent,
 Lest a dead Corps shou'd prove your patient;

* Neque impune posse administrari, cum omnia præter naturam sint, ob idque naturales facultates infestent; nec possint adeo morbosas causas rescindere, quin una illis, aliquid etiam benignæ substantiæ rapiant. *Galen. lib. de sectis prope finem.*

But call in *Doctors* of more skill,
 Who may you cure, or help you kill,
 Then let it happen as it will,
 You can't be found *Felo de se*,
 If slain in learned Company.

When struck in years, strong *Drink* forbear,
 Especially of *Wine* beware;
 Old men of moisture want supplies,
 And *Wine* of all sorts, heats and dries,
 Twitches and cramps, their tartars give,
 Hence they step short, and straddle stiff;
 For vinous spirits prey upon
 Nutricious juice, and vital *Balm*;
 This makes 'em tabid, lean and thin,
 With loose and flabby, wrinkled skin.
Water and *Whey*, of drinks are first,
 They cool, dilute, and quench the thirst;
 And next to those is good small *Beer*,
 Not sour, but smart, and brisk and clear.
 Not that in general I condemn
 A glass of *Gen'rous* now and then;
 When you are faint, your spirits low,
 Your string relax'd, 'twill bend your bow,
 Brace your drum head, and make you tight,
 Wind up your watch, and set you right:
 But then again the too much use
 Of all strong *Liquors*, is th' abuse.
 'Tis *Liquid* makes the *Solids* loose,
 The *Texture* and whole *Frame* destroys,
 But health lies in the *Equipoise*.

The

The greatest part o'th'world's content
 With *Adam's* ale, pure element;
 And who so strong, and does more work,
 Than doth the *Water*-drinking *Turk*?
 And when the stomach's out of order,
 No cordial, like a glass of *Water*;
 This, this has baffled all the *Slops*
 Of Ladies closets, and the shops.

As *Water's* best, so 'twas the first
 Of *Liquors*, made to quench the *Thirst*,
 Of men, of beasts, of plants, and trees,
 From whence they all have their encrease;
 Its uses are too manifold,
 And marv'lous great e'er to be told;
 Its particles constituent,
 Are too minute an element;
 Its make and texture, crasis, grain,
 Are too stupendiously fine
 For virtuoso's to descry,
 Tho' glasses come t'assist their eye.
 Cease! then, vain search! let that alone,
 Hid, with all essences unknown;
 But be content that the *Creator*,
 Has blest the world with so much *Water*.
 It works it self (as being thin)
 Int' all the pores and parts within;
 Helps all *Secretions* in their uses,
 And sweetens sharp and sour juices;

C

Tempers

Tempers hot *Bile*, thins viscid phlegm,
 And moderates in each extreme;
 Damps the fierce *Æstus* of the blood,
 Abates the fevers boyling flood;
 Dilutes the *Salts*, melts off their points,
 And acrid particles disjoints;
 And is the only *Liquor* that
 Never grows eager, sharp, or flat:
 Give it but motion, room, and air,
 Its purity will ne'er impair:
 Experience daily shews it true,
 That *Water* only this can do.
 All other *Liquors* made by *Art*,
 Grow rancid, vapid, sour and tart.

Chuse *Water* that is cool, and thin,
 Such as feels smooth, and soft to th' *Skin*,
 Looks clear, and bright, and crystalline:
 The lightest *Water* is the best,
 That is, without or *Smell*, or *Taste*:
 Which standing long, yields few contents,
 Of *Scum*, or *Clouds*, or *Sediments*;
 Such as will lather cold with soap,
 Tho' ne'er was fainted by the *Pope*,
 (As *Bridget*, *Anne*, and *Winifred*;) }
 For 'tis the *Water* does the *Fear*,
 The faints, the varnish, and the cheat;
 And he that has a *Spring* like this,
 Has with good *Air* a double *Bliss*.

Never give way to sloth and ease,
 For laz'ness is a great disease,

And

And when it has possession got,
 It makes the man a stupid sort;
 When Sleep does first desert you, rise;
 Next, wash the gum from off your *Eyes*;
 Cold *Water* pure will clear the sight,
 Comfort the eyes, and keep them bright.
 Indulge not drowsiness, unless
 It does proceed from weariness.
 'Thout some fatigue, there's no sound sleep,
 'Tis eating without appetite;
 For those that start in *Sleep*, or shake,
 Find small refreshment when they wake;
 And when you *rise*, approach not near
 A *Fire*, except the cold's severe:
 And then, at distance take the heat,
 Because it does *inhabit*;
 And sloth, and sluggishness induce,
 And spoil your natural rest by use.
 This custom students must avoid,
 For Memory is by heat annoy'd,
 And by hard drinking, quite destroy'd.
 For Reminiscence is strongest where
 The *Head's* serene, and cool and clear;
 This truth is seen in regions cold,
 There what they *read* they always hold.
 But 'tis the nature of a *Wit*,
 Soon to invent, soon to forget;
 For from the *Brain* that's hot and dry,
 The slight Impressions quickly fly:

Whereas in *moist* and phlegmy brains,
 The stamp's struck *deep*, and long remains.
 Tho' 'tis allow'd, there are some few
 That have good wits, and mem'ry too.

Rise early with the summer's *Sun*,
 Especially when you are young;
 For he that early walks the fields,
 Takes all the sweets that *Flora* yields;
 Just as the *Sun* unlocks the blooms
 Of all their fragrant, rich perfumes:
 Besides, with morning *Air* he's treated,
 Nor by the sun-beams over-heated;
 Which cools the *Lungs*, and fans the blood,
 And makes the spirits brisk and good;
 After a bad good-fellow-hood
 Had left their springy parts uncurl'd,
 Like a loose *Sail* that is unfurl'd,
 Those air and action buckle up,
 When ruffled by a midnight's cup.
 After an idle drunken bout,
 Walk and take air, ne'er sleep it out;
 By which you will avoid the harms
 Of *Head-ach*, and sick stomach *Qualms*:
 For sleeping with a load of *Wine*,
 Does all its fumes within confine;
 Which are of dang'rous consequence,
 For *Apoplexies* spring from hence,

* *Palsies*

* *Palsies*, and *Tremors*, and the rest,
 Which mostly drunkards do infest,
 From *Ferments* in the body pent,
 Which early rowzing may prevent;
 For *Gouts*, and *Stone*, and such diseases,
 Dwell most where luxury and ease is :
 Such a tormenter never rages
 'Mong *Whey*-drinkers in poor cottages , }
 Who live in health till mighty ages :
 And to the *Grave* at a hundred years
 Carry their mem'ry, eyes and ears.
 Who then in *Ale*, or worse brew'd *Wine*,
 Wou'd drown his health, and so much time ?
 For whilst men tipple, prate and lie,
 Life on smooth skeets slides swiftly by.

In walking let your *Cloaths* be thin,
 But not too tight, or strait to th' skin,
 That cool fresh *Air* may close the pores, }
 This oftentimes that health restores,
 Which too much warmth turn'd out of doors :
 For loss of strength declares what hurt
 Those get that wear a *Flannel* shirt :
 For thro' a constant dilatation,
 The spirits spend by perspiration.
 In bed lie *warm*, but not too *hot*,
 Not yet too *soft*, for that's a fault :

* Dr. Lower de motu cordis.

Soft feathers have attraction such,
 As draws the natural *Heat* too much,
 The flesh makes flabby, loose and weak,
 The countenance dead, and pale, and bleak.
 Of *Heats* and *Colds* take special care,
 Windows, and doors, that let in *Air* ;
 A crack, or crevice, in the wall,
 Hurts more than doth an open hall :
 And safer 'tis to stand i'th' street,
 Than where two doors or entries meet.

Walk to be warm, but not to sweat,
 Or by degrees take down your heat,
 Drink not until you're very *cool*,
 And gently move to get a stool.
 Yet sometimes let your feet be *wet*,
 But in your wet *Shoes* never sit ;
 For while you're running in the dirt,
 The action keeps you from the hurt :
 And often wash your *Skin* all o'er,
 It gives a spring to every pore ;
 Returns the *Heat* upon the blood,
 Which makes all bad digestions good.

Lodge not fine *Youth* with aged Bones,
 Nor much converse with Pains, and Groans ;
 For Bodies, that are old, and dry'd,
 From juicy Youth, will be supply'd ;
 These suck their *Spirits*, make 'em *pale*,
 So *vital* Vigour needs must fail ;
 For th' aged, thro' the young ones Pores,
 His own decrepit *Limbs*, restores ;

For

For what by Contact, what by Sweats;
 What the *Youth* loses, t'other gets;
 This makes 'em pallid, thin and weak,
 As if Hag-ridden in their sleep:
 And on the other Hand, 'tis naught
 To lye with one that's overfat,
 Such sweat, and over-heat the Child,
 By which a good, cool Habit's spoil'd;
 For in a moderate temperature,
 The Welfare of the Child's secure.
 In short, observe, the tender Young
 Shou'd be well *nurs'd*, but laid alone.

But above all! take special Care,
 How *Children* you affright and scare,
 In telling stories of things seen,
Sprite, Daemon, and Hobgoblin;
 Hence they'll contract such *Cowardice*,
 As ne'er will leave them, all their lives,
 And then th' *Idea's* of their Fears
 Continued, unto riper Years,
 Can by no Reason be suppress'd;
 But of it they'll be so possess'd,
 They'll sweat, and quake, and start, and stare,
 And meet the Devil ev'ry where.
 Terrors have changed some Men grey,
 Took Limbs, and Speech, and Sense away;
 Have topsy-turvy'd Brains in Sculs,
 Turn'd some Men mad, and some Men Fools:
 Have made a Soul skip like a Sprite,
 And leave the Body bolt upright: Stark

Stark staring ghastly, dead, and stiff,
Like *Lot's* sad monumental Wife.

Anger avoid, and also *Grief*,
They both are enemies to *Life*.

And fatal often in Extreams,
To which side e'er the *Passion* leans:

In both let *Reason* mitigate,
She will the Fury soon abate,
If she's consulted not too late.

For I have seen fierce *Anger* checkt,
By seeming Deafness, and Neglect;
Take off the *Fewel*, th' Fire will die,
Silence alone will put it by;

If not blown up by a *Reply*:
Let it blow o're, if you can bear,
In at one, out at t'other *Ear*:

Storms hurt not in a thoroughfare.

Late *Watching* does much Injury,
To *Nature's* whole Oeconomy;
Impedes, or wholly doth defeat
The making of her Work complete;
For all *Secretions* are made best,
I'th' quiet State of Sleep and *Rest*;
When all the Faculties of the *Mind*,
Are to their (sopor) *Cells* confin'd;
Then all the vital Functions are
(Cause not disturb'd by mental care,)
Each to his Office to repair;

And

And mend the *Breaches*, and *Decays*,
 Made by Disorder any ways,
 In Life's vast *Labyrinth* and *Maze*;
 Which thro' unknown *Mæanders* run,
 And circulates to where't begun,
 And restless in its course keeps on.
 For th' *Heart* clacks on, and is a Mill,
 That's independent of the Will,
 And like an *Engine* squirts the blood,
 Forcing up hill the purple flood;
 A constant *Fountain* that displays
 Its *Rivulets* ten thousand ways;
 Mov'd by a secret *Power* unknown,
 And yet that power is not its own;
 Restless from the first *Stroke* it gives,
 To the last *Moment* that it lives;
 Its office is to *mesh* and *beat*,
 And make the *Chile* consimulate,
 With balmy blood and nitrous *Air*,
 (All have i'th' work their proper share)
 Which Inspiration does prepare.
 That *Air*, again the *Lungs* explode,
 When robbed of its *nitrous* load;
 This grinds life's *Grist*, yet takes small tole
 For carrying of it thro' the whole,
 And lodging at each *Office* door,
 Sufficient for their daily store.

And here I'd ask what human tongue
Can praise enough that wondrous *One*,
That made this great *Automaton* !
Here let the *prostrate* world adore,
His infinite *Goodness, Wisdom, Power*.

Of exercises, *Swimming's* best,
Strengthens the muscles of the Chest,
And all their fleshy parts confirms,
Extends, and stretches *Legs* and *Arms* ;
And with a nimble retro-spring,
Contracts, and brings them back again.
As 'tis the best, so 'tis the sum
Of *Exercises* all in one :

And of all motions most complete,
Because 'tis vi'lent without *Heat*.

And next to *Swimming, Riding's* good,
It shakes the *Bowels*, stirs the blood,
And gives a motion to a stool,
But bad to *ride* with *Belly* full ;
For shaking does precipitate,
E'er you've digested half your *Meat*.
Besides, your guts, if fat, it squelches,
And causes fumes, and sour belches :
'Tis also in hard *Livers* naught,
Or when oppress'd with wind and thought,
It stirs up *Flatus Hypochon* ;
If so, desist from *riding* on :
For't makes it fly into the *Head*,
Where Dizzinels, and *Fumes* are bred ;

Then

Then Life's in Danger if you totter,
 Be your *Horse* Pacer, or a Trotter:
 So let the *Rider* take a Care,
 Lest from a stumbling *Horse* or *Mare*,
 He don't take *Earth* in taking *Air*.
 But the true Benefit in *Riding*,
 Is much and long i'th' *Air* abiding;
Fasting and always jogging on,
 And drinking nothing that is strong;
 But guzzling on a Journey's wrong:
 And then perhaps, you'll gain your point,
 If your *Horse* keeps your *Neck* in Joint.

In dry consumptive *Coughs* beware,
 They always grow much worse in *Air*;
 For places *high*, and air *serene*,
 Are for *thin Bodies* found too keen:
 For all the *Air*, on hights and hills,
 'Cause robb'd of watry particles,
 Holds nitre *naked*, and not sheath'd,
 And so are naught, for all short *breath'd*:
 As well as *Airs* too thick with smoaks,
 One pricks and tickles, t'other choaks:
 But where 'tis *clear*, and not too high,
 With mixture due of *moist* and dry,
 'Tis there the lungs have liberty,
 To play their fan most pleasantly.
 The *Air* is best on rising hills,
 Also near grav'ly running rills;

For where the *Soil* is hard and dry,
The *Air* is good, whether low or high,
The watry *Steams* will take off heats,
And much abate nocturnal *sweats*.

In *Holland*, where 'tis all low ground,
Habitual *Coughs* are rarely found ;
But when *Catarrhs* and *Rheums* infest,
Warm and dry *Airs* are surely best.

* For if *Consumptions* cur'd can be,
(Which is a mighty rarity)

Three things in chief you need prepare,
Milk, *Traumatics*, and Change of *Air*.
And if with these, Cold *Baths* you get,
To temper down the hectic Heat,
He may go bare-foot, as a *Goose*,
Who lives in hope of dead *Mens* Shoes.

Tho' *Riding* is extremely good,
Yet, *Health* lies more in Choice of *Food*.

* Uterius phthisis perfecta rarissimè potest curari: vita interim diutissimè potest conservari, per hæc tria.

1 Per legitimum usum lactis.

2 Per usum vulnerariorum, &c.

3 Per mutationem Aëris.

Denique quoad legitimum usum lactis.

In omni atrophîa, tabe & phthisi commodissimè observatur quod lactis usus, seu legitimus portus, in quibusdam casibus multum possit: sed parum proderit, quoties atrophia est ex colluvie cujusdam visceris, aut ubi atrophia est ex vitio Stomachi, nisi hic prius sit correctus. *Mich. Et Mullerus de Nutritione partium læsâ. pag. 282.*

A gen'ral Rule we may go by,
 Is eating such things 'pecially,
 As are least apt to putrefy.
 New *Milk* and *Rice*, *Bread*, *Corn*, and *Roots*,
 Fresh *Sallets*, and fresh gather'd *Fruits*,
 Sweet *Butter*, *Oil*, and well made *Cheese*;
 For those who mostly feed on these,
 Live long, and gently wear away,
 Perceiving not their own Decay,
 To th'utmost Point o'th' fatal Day.
 Then without *Pain*, like Lamps expire,
 With the last *Spark* of vital *Fire*.

For *Life's* a *Lamp*, its Oil well spent,
 Leaves when't goes out a fragrant *Scent*;
 Thrice happy *he*, whose virtuous *Name*,
 Is *Incense*, and perfumed *Flame*,
 On th' altar of immortal fame.

So, *Reader*, if thou art so *wise*,
 To put in practice this *Advice*;
 The world shall wonder to behold
 Thou look'st so young, and art so old.



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*The Doctor's Decade;
Or the Ten Utensils of his Trade.*

*For in ten Words, the whole Art is compriz'd;
For some of the ten are always advis'd.*

Viz.

*Piss, Spew, and Spit,
Perspiration and Sweat ;
Purge, Bleed, and Elister,
Issues and Clyster.*

THESSE few evacuations,
Cure all the Doctors *Patients*,
If rightly apply'd
By a wise Physick guide.
For an Error in these
Is Worle than Disease;
So can't be too wary,
Where Cases do vary :
For a Dose of't too much,
Turn's *PUG* o'er the Perch.
What more they advance,
Is all done by chance;
Even *Steel* and the *Bark*,
Do tilt in the dark :
Tho' *Opium* alas!
May cut by a Pass,

And

And lull a *Disease*
 By a seeming false Peace ;
 Yet these *Physick Allies*
 Use such Fallacies,
 And fail us so common,
 We can't depend on 'em ;
 So as to a cure,
 There's none can be sure.
 Most other *Specificks*,
 Have no visible Effects,
 But the getting of *Fees*,
 For a promise of ease ;
 (Much like the South S----)
 Tho' our *Glasses* of late
 Has furnish'd the *Pate*
 With *Philosophical* Prate ;
 As to read learned Lectures,
 On a T-----and its textures ;
 And can see in the Sp-----m,
 Generations to come :
 Like tad-poles a Swimming
 To the land of the living.
 Yet for all this *fine* show,
 No more do we know,
 Than did old *Quid pro Quo* ;
 That famous compounder,
 And first *Physick* founder.
 For then all their Blunders
 Were esteem'd as *Wonders*,

And admired as much
 As some do *H---b C---b*:
 For Physick then took,
 Much more by the look,
 Than by the Success,
 Which is the best *Test*.
 To look *big, grave, and dull*,
 And talk half like a *Fool*
 Denotes a wise Skull.
 To be *deaf*, and half *blind*,
 Were perfections of mind;
 For all such Defects,
 Were to *Folly* as checks :
 For few were thought wise,
 That saw with both *Eyes*.
 Yet none of these *Blinkers*
 Were accounted *Free-thinkers*,
 As is seen by the *Treacle*
 Where *Health* lay in Pickle:
 That ancient *Farrago*,
 Exploded long ago.
 Yet 'tis such a Med'cine,
 Once had the *Pope's* Blessing;
 And so is *Catholick*,
 Tho' not *Apostolick*;
 For't has not a Mission
 From *Luke the Physician*.
 But why do we them blame,
 When we play the same *Game* ?

F

And

And make up strange Mixtures,
 Of different *Textures* ;
 Which fret and ferment,
 Till their *Fury* is spent ;
 And in our *Guts* jar,
 And there raise a War,
 From *Heterogen* Med'cine,
 The Strife is intestine.
 But where the Ingredients
 Are mixt from Experience,
 By their *Homogeniety*,
 They'll never disquiet ye ;
 For ill Compounds are owing
 To our *Simples* not knowing ;
 For their Virtues unless
 The Plants will confess,
 We must all acquiesce,
 And practise by Guess.
 Till the College reveals
 What their prudence conceals :
 For the *Arcana's* of Art,
 To none they'll impart ;
 Those sacred *Archives*,
 Which enroll all our Lives,
 Are lodg'd on high *Shelves*,
 Out o'th' Reach of themselves :
 For when they fall *sick*
 What they gave upon tick,
 The *Doctors* ne'er take,
 For fear of Mistake ;

But * The

But always mistrust,
 What they believed at first;
 Whilst the practising *Youth*
Swallows all for a truth.
 For whatever they read,
 They believe as their *Creed*,
 But will find when they *try*,
 That *Authors* will lye;
 For in *Physick* there's *Legend*,
 As well as *Religion*;
 But the *older* they grow
 The less they will know,
 For in being oft out,
 It creates in 'em *Doubt*:
 So themselves they'll ne'er kill,
 By *Potion* or *Pill*;
 No *Powders* nor *Bolus*,
 Nor *Issues* o'th' *Shoulders*,
 Nor encered in *Blisters*;
 Those Shrouds of the * *Sisters*
 By the *Devil* contriv'd
 To slay Men alive,
 As if the Sick didn't feel,
 When they're skin'd like an *Eel*.
 Then a *Plaster* apply'd,
 To the Remains of the Hide
 Which tears off the rest,
 Next time it is drest;

But * The three Ladies of Destiny; Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos.

By some little *Hell-Cub*,
 Or Spawn of old *Belz'bub* ;
 Or *Mellilot* his Master,
 With a whole Sheet of *Plaister*,
 To shrowd him compleat,
 From the *Head* to the *Feet* ;
 Sent by his *Physician*,
 To manage th' *Inquisition* ;
 For one half that dies
 Are spur-gal'd by his *Flies*,
 And slay'd out of their *Lives*.
 But the *Devil* a *Doctor*,
 Will slay his own Back fore ;
 What his Patients endure,
 He'll avoid to be sure :
 Their *Groans* and their *Aking*,
 Does fright him from taking ;
 Nor shall any *Slops*,
 But *Wine* wet his Chops :
 So all *Med'cines* defies,
 As he does *Spanish Flies*,
 From experienc'd Opinion,
 There's little *Help* in 'em.
 But as *Death* does draw near,
 Their Art is their Fear ;
 Trusting more to small *Beer*,
 A *Horse* and fresh *Air*,
 Than to *Physick* and *Prayer*.
 From whence I suggest,
 They're too *wise* for the rest.

FINIS.

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